AN ORIGINAL EXPERIENCE IN DREAM-LAND.

She sat alone in the twilight gloom,
Alone by the window in her cozy room;
But her thoughts were busy with one afar,
As the tender blue eyes met the evening star,
She whispered fondly, "My husband! my life!
Have you forgotten your own little wife?
No letter to-day, and miles apart.
No! no! I wrong thee, for you have my heart."
And the sweet lips parted, as by magic power,
To waft a "God bless him!" in the twilight hour.
And the golden curls pressed the window pane,
While the blue eyes peered up the darkened lane.

List! footsteps lightly mount the stair,
And a traveling man with face so fair,
Love beaming in his soft brown eyes,
Quickly enters. Ah! a glad surprise!
Now the days will like moments slip,
As heart to heart and lip to lip,
With one wild bound to imprint a kiss——
But, horrors! It was down into a fearful abyss;
The shattered glass and the broken beam
All told the tale—'twas only a dream.
—*American Commercial Traveller.*

A SKATING CONTEST;

—OR—

The Train-Dispatcher's Love.

BY EDWARD P. STONE.

THE story I am about to relate, coming as it did under my personal observation, I have no hesitation in vouching for the truth of.

The scene is in a pretty town of about 5,000 inhabitants, which nestles cosily in a broad valley between the foothills of one of the mountainous Western States, pierced by one of the great iron arteries of commerce of the Gould Southwest system of railways. The time was the month of May, 188–.

At the period mentioned I was associated with my brother in the publication of a small weekly paper in this flourishing little town of D——. I became acquainted with almost every one in town, and was always ready to participate in such of the social pleasures as the limited population allowed.

The roller-skating craze had seized the town during the preceding winter, and of course all the girls and boys learned to skate. The society boys and girls of D—— were like all boys and girls of small towns, in that they divided themselves into "sets" or crowds, and it is with the members of the set to which I belonged that my story has to deal. For present purposes we will know them as Maggie Reynolds and William Byron.

Maggie Reynolds was the acknowledged belle of the town, and she carried her honors with becoming grace. She was a slender, delicate little bunch of nerves, of the brunette style. The only daughter of wealthy parents, she was spoiled, petted and willful. She was both vivacious and pretty, and of course a most agreeable companion.

William Byron, who, by the way, was a close friend of mine, was a train dispatcher in the service of the railway upon which D—— is located. He was a good mate for Maggie, and from the time the pair became close friends at the skating rink everybody thought it would be a match.

Byron was also of small stature. He had seen a deal of the world and was a ready wit, very much of a gentleman, and exceedingly well thought of by the girls, as well as by the public generally. He was temperate and industrious, which, taken in consideration with the fact that he was an excellent dispatcher, established him in the confidence of both his chief and the superintendent of the division.

William Byron and Maggie Reynolds were both graceful, finished dancers, and, as they learned to skate together, made the most accomplished and best-appearing couple that frequented the rink. They were together so much that the rumor of their engagement was finally accepted as a fact.

The rink was to close for the summer with a grand masquerade and skating contest, numerous prizes being offered. It was known that Maggie and Will intended to contest for the first prize, and everybody said they would win it. I never knew the causes which led up to a change of this programme, but the change was made, and it was an expensive one—at least I always thought it had a very strong bearing on the events of the succeeding hours.

I am not a believer in premonitions, but I can recollect very distinctly that I never looked upon the friendship between the two with even the smallest degree of favor, and I knew Maggie's disposition and feared that she was merely having a little pastime at Will's expense, and I felt equally as sure that Will was deeply in love with her.

When the night for the contest finally arrived, the whole town assembled at the rink, and from my position in the gallery I could see every one in the hall. Maggie had arrived, accompanied by her mother and brother, and Will was on the floor a few minutes before she arrived. She went immediately to the gallery with her mother, while Will remained on the floor below, mingling with the merry throng of maskers, and I noticed that he was not in his usual spirits. He looked and acted ill at ease. He was nervous, and acted as though he knew he was being scrutinized. Maggie did not wear her usual bright, happy smile, and did not act as though she intended to skate.

At the last moment before the contest began, a well-dressed, dapper young man, a passenger brakeman employed on the road, who passed a good deal of his time in D——, and whom I had often seen at the rink, and noticed as an excellent skater, ascended the gallery stairs and sought Miss Maggie's side, and they exchanged a few words, and Maggie arose, accompanying him to the floor below. In a moment they appeared together in full view of the audience, which divined in a moment the meaning of the move. Maggie and Will had quarreled, and she was going to skate for the prize with Mr. Sander, for that was the name of the good-looking and accomplished young skater.

Will left the rink before the contest was over, without exchanging a word with Maggie.

As soon as I could get away from the contest I searched for but could get no trace of him. I know now that he did not close his eyes in sleep that night.

The next day was a beautiful one. When Will entered the trainmaster's office at the depot at 8 o'clock a. m., and relieved the man who had been on since midnight, he looked badly, and the other dispatchers noticed that he was nervous and unsteady. He sat down at his table, took the key in a mechanical way, and commenced work. He was handling the north end of the line between St. Louis and D——, forty-two miles of road.

It was a busy day. Besides the two or three freight trains each way, Will had to handle one north-bound accommodation, the south-bound through express, and the branch mail line, and added to this, two work-trains were put out between St. Louis and a point twenty-two miles south, and a short suburban accommodation train was ordered on for the summer months, and in half an hour he had the road clear for the passenger trains, and brought the new suburban out to K——, the end of its run, where it was to lie until its return at noon.

At this juncture the Division Superintendent was notified that the General Superintendent was coming out over the road in his special car, accompanied by two New York railway kings, one of whom had his son along. The Superintendent said he would be ready to leave St. Louis at 9 o'clock, and wanted to run regardless of all other trains. The Division Superintendent turned to Will, saying:

"Byron, the Superintendent, wants to leave St. Louis at 9 o'clock on his special. He wants to reach here by 11 o'clock, and will have the right of way, and you hardly have time to make a schedule, so you can run him down this far by wire. Give him a good run."

It was no little work to rearrange the time of all trains between the two points, but Will soon had everything open so that he could come right through.

The arrangement was no sooner made than the Superintendent sent a second dispatch to the effect that he would not leave until 10 o'clock. This upset all previous arrangements, and new time must be made, and new orders given to every train. It required careful, level-headed work, and it was done.

At 10 o'clock the Superintendent again changed his leaving time to 11 o'clock, and the exasperating work had to be again gone over.

The crowding of so much work into such a short space of time resulted in another delay, and the special did not leave St. Louis until several minutes after 11 o'clock. The Superintendent's private car carried the two millionaires and that official, while the son of one of the rich men rode on the engine.

The first twenty-five miles of their course lay along the river bank. The special would reach K——, where the suburban accommodation, north bound, was due to leave at noon, at just about the same hour—possibly a few minutes after 12 o'clock. Following the serpentine curves of the track along the river bank, the special bounded on its way.

Two miles north of K—— was the M—— River, which was bridged by the railway. It was a small stream, only about two hundred feet wide. On the south bank, nearest to K—, was a switch and a small station, at which an operator was not regularly stationed. The little station was known as W——. The bridge was put at the confluence of the small stream with the mighty Mississippi. Coming on to the bridge from the north the tracks rounded a precipitous bluff with a sharp curve, so that to a south-bound train the bridge was out of sight until the locomotive was almost upon it.

With the intention of making W—— a meeting point for the north-bound suburban and south-bound special, by giving the suburban the siding, Will called up K——, and gave the engineer of the suburban orders to leave on time. On that fatal day there was no operator at W——. Of course the suburban would stop at W——, but it should have had orders to take the siding and wait there for the special. Now it was bound to meet the special before another stop was made, for the latter had orders to "run regardless." The suburban, had hardly more than started until Will called up W—— to give it orders to take the siding for the special. He had not known that there was no operator at W—— that day. He received no answer to his call. Time was precious. He called again, and received no answer.

"What's the matter with W——?" he asked. "I can't raise him, and if he don't come to his key before the suburban reaches him, there will be a collision with the Superintendent's special."

"There is no operator at W—— today," answered the trainmaster, who had just entered the room.

"My God! then they will meet on the bridge, and nothing can prevent it!"

A ghastly pallor came over Will's face, and he sank back in his chair in a dead faint. The trainmaster took the key, and Will was carried into the next room and revived with cold water. They kept him close in the Superintendent's room, and would tell him nothing save that the wreck was not very bad.

It cost two lives. The son of the New York millionaire, who was riding on the special's engine, was jammed into the fire-box and literally burned alive. The fireman of the special engine was caught between the engine and tender and so badly crushed that he died in a few hours.

At 11 o'clock that night I met Will as he came out on the street from the Superintendent's office. I hardly knew him, and as I took his hand he scarcely spoke to me. He didn't know yet the result of the accident.

"How did it end—how many were killed?" he asked me.

"Well, there are three hurt—one pretty badly," I answered, not wanting to tell him the truth.

We were standing near the depot. On the platform around the corner was a crowd of excited engineers, firemen, and brakemen. One of them spoke out loudly, saying:

"Well, boys, I am not rich, but I have thirty-five cents left to help buy a rope for that operator."

He did not know that Will was standing within ten feet of him. Will heard it. It was like a knife-thrust. He reeled and fell into my arms. I carried him across the street into a saloon and soon revived him. The strain was too much for him and he fainted away twice before I could get him home. His mind wandered. I finally got him to bed and gave him a heavy dose of choral. He gave way for a few minutes beneath the influence of the drug, but he would wake and start from his bed with a look of terror on his face.

"They can't hang me, can they? It wasn't my fault. There was no operator at W——. I couldn't help that."

He kept on in this way until nearly morning when he at last sank into a deep sleep of exhaustion. He next appeared on the street at the end of three weeks. He left town the same day. He was brave, though. To this day he has never mentioned Maggie's name to me. Will left D——, and I met him a year after in an eating-house in a large city far from D——.

"I have never attempted train dispatching since," he said to me.

Maggie married a few years later and also left D——. She never mentioned Will's name in my presence after that awful wreck the next day after the skating contest.

Fall Care of Shrubs.

It is a mistake to let shrubs go without attention during the summer, and growing season. Then it is that they should be brought into good shape, for, by watching them as growth is made, one can see where pruning and training is required, and the necessary work can be done at just the time when it will do the most good, for shrubs are more tractable while forming branches than they are afterward. If you allow a shrub to grow to suit itself all summer, and attempt to rectify what you consider its mistake in fall, you will find that a great deal of summer growth may have to be removed to secure anything like symmetrical shape, and of course these surplus branches indicate a good deal of summer growth which has been wasted: so much of the vitality of the plant as was taken to produce them has been expended uselessly; proper attention at the proper time would have thrown this energy into the shrub.

But we must take things as we find them, and fall finds most shrubs in need of a judicious pruning, if we would have them take on a shapely form. Therefore when getting ready to give them the winter protection, which most of them require to a greater or lesser extent, give them a good pruning, and make them symmetrical. It is well to do this before the coming of cold weather, so that the fresh cuts on the limbs will have a little chance to heal or at least dry over before they are laid down and covered.—*Eben E. Rexford, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

She Looked Distinguished.

Newsboys naturally develop a quickness at reading faces as well as a freedom in asking and answering questions. One of this class was peddling his wares in a railway train, and in passing back and forth was struck with the appearance of a woman. She looked distinguished, and as he dumped his paper-covered novels into the laps of the other passengers, he passed her by.

At last his curiosity got the better of all other considerations. He found among his books one by Mrs. Stowe, and on his next trip he proffered it to the very dignified lady, but she declined it.

"Excuse me," said the boy, "but ain't you Mrs. Stowe?"

The stranger shook her head and disclaimed the compliment. The boy went down the aisle, but on his return he stopped again.

"Then perhaps you're Mrs. Stanton?"

The woman smiled, and again shook her head. But the newsboy was not to be baffled.

"Would you mind telling me who you are, ma'am?"

It is not likely that the fellow was much the wiser when the woman gave her name as Maria Mitchell. Probably he had never heard of our famous astronomer, but he was equal to the emergency.

"Well, I knew you was somebody!" he answered, triumphantly.

A Minister's Perquisites.

The perquisites of a minister's life are, as a general thing, overestimated. An old clergyman firmly believed this who had received a call to a small church from his much larger parish in Massachusetts. A delegation from the church was sent to urge him to accept the call. He asked them what the salary was. They replied that it was about six hundred dollars per year, but that the people were very generous, and were continually bringing in things to the minister.

"Well," answered the old minister, "I don't wish to offend you, but I must positively decline. And now let me give you a bit of my experience. In my younger days I received a call to a small parish where, as in the case with your people, they were very liberal. It was their custom to always give the minister a ball of butter whenever they churned, and a quarter of veal when they slaughtered. I accepted the call. Things went along as they represented during the first year. After that there began to be a falling off in their donations, until soon I received next to nothing. I began to make inquiries. One of my parishioners told me that I gave perfect satisfaction, but the people had begun to 'raise their calves. And it has been my experience," continued the old minister, "that donating parishioners soon begin to 'raise their calves.'"

THE cars of the new imperial train for the Emperor of Russia are lined with cork. The pop-in of corks is expected to make harmless the poppin' of bullets.

THE PRIDE OF CHICAGO.

THE GREAT AUDITORIUM BUILDING COMPLETED.

A Structure as Daring in Execution as It Was in Conception—A Description of the Splendid Edifice—A Wilderness of Marble, Bronze, and Mahogany.

THE grandest building ever erected by private capital has just been practically completed at Chicago. On Wednesday, the 2d of October, the Masonic Grand Lodge of Illinois, then in session at Chicago, completed the construction of the great Auditorium Building by laying a little piece of granite thirteen inches long, six inches thick, and eight inches wide on top of the long, square tower, which commands a view of every part of the city. The ceremony was both elaborate and unique, and it was witnessed by a crowd of people that blocked every avenue leading to the great structure. The street demonstration preceding the laying of the stone was a notable affair, and it was participated in by the leading Masonic bodies of Illinois.

The Auditorium stands without a peer in a city whose proud palaces of trade are the wonder of the world. From the coping of the sky-piercing tower down to the massive foundations the Auditorium is a gigantic illustration of the enterprise and public spirit of the business men of Chicago. No description can do it justice. For a generation the pile will undoubted remain as it is now—one of the wonders of Chicago and of the world. The mammoth structure will be ready for dedication on the night of Dec. 9, when Patti, the queen of song, will face Chicago's culture and beauty. That will be a great night. Already the dressmakers of two continents are designing and making the costumes which will be worn on that momentous occasion.

AUDITORIUM BUILDING.

In company with Milward Adams, a reporter made a partial tour of the Auditorium. The impression created was that there is more room in the building than there is outdoors. That is the only serious objection to the structure.

"Did you ever stand on the twentieth story of a building?" asked Mr. Adams.

"No; of course not, for the simple reason that such buildings exist only in the imagination of aspiring architects."

Mr. Adams said nothing in response to these insinuations, but led the way upward. The pair traveled the first 150 feet without difficulty on an elvator which made no stops until the tenth floor was reached. The next ninety feet jaunt was different—decidedly so. The tower of the Auditorium is a great building of itself. It would compare favorably with the best structures in New York City. Each of the seven floors of the tower proper has from six to ten large rooms. On the seventeenth floor are the rooms reserved for the Signal Service. In fact, the weather sharps have rented the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth floors of the Auditorium Building, and are now fitting up the best appointed signal office in the country.

"We will now go to the twentieth floor," said Mr. Adams.

The twentieth floor is an airy affair composed of an iron framework. It is 266 feet above Michigan boulevard, but seems higher. What a view is spread out before the eyes of those who climb

THE COPE-STONE.

to this awful height. The great metropolis is seen as from a mountain top. The lake front, with its mile of grass plats and winding paths, looks like a playground; Michigan boulevard, a streamer of tape on which are hundreds of toy horses; the breakwater, a mile and a half away, seems almost at your feet; and the new water-works crib, four miles away, appears but a stone's throw distant. What is that line of white away out on the lake? The Michigan shore, sixty miles off. Evanston, South Chicago, and Michigan City are in view. To the west the scene is equally wonderful, but not so clear. Out of a dense cloud of smoke hundreds of buildings reach up in the vain hope of catching a breath of pure air. Over all hangs the huge smutty bank of dun-colored clouds, its volume constantly increased by the smoke from numberless stacks and chimneys. A hundred feet below is the central dome of the Exposition Building. The man-of-war Michigan looks like a pleasure yacht as it rolls lazily on the waves within the sheltering arm of the Government pier.

It would be idle to attempt a description of the great hall in the limited space of this article. The Grand Opera House of Paris, which has ever been considered unapproachable, does not equal the grander opera house of the Paris of America. Imagine a beautifully wrought ceiling of solid gold, studded with a thousand electric lights; a stage where a thousand men can drill; imagine scores of boxes, the architecture of which has never been equaled, and four balconies, back of whose graceful curves a multitude may be seated; a wilderness of marble, bronze, mahogany and delicate carvings; a palace worthy of a Cæsar in the day of Rome's greatest splendor.

"What did it all cost?"

"Between three and four million dollars," said Mr. Adams.

The Auditorium Building is a structure as daring in execution as it was in conception. The men who can design, undertake and carry out such a great enterprise as this are creators, and serve for much more than their own time. Only Chicago, with its boundless daring, could have undertaken such an extraordinary venture as this vast Auditorium—a mighty and majestic building covering nearly two acres of ground, and rearing its lofty proportions, as contemplated by its noble tower, 266 feet above the earth. It lifts itself, in its noble site on the shore of Lake Michigan, in such dignity and greatness as no other private building in the new world can approach. The whole structure is a victory of architecture, and the Congress street facade is over 300 feet long, and is hardly surpassed by the grandeur and eloquence of expression of the noted Capitol itself.

New York and Philadelphia have nothing to offer in rivalry to it. It is the most typical building yet erected of the greatness, progress and civilization of America. No provincial city could have been the seat of it. It is at once a triumph and a proof of American daring and enterprise and generous public spirit. Europe has no theater, opera house, or hall to match it, either in magnitude or result. Yet great as is the Auditorium, it is not half of the real glory of the building. The vast hotel, with its five hundred rooms, and the large store-rooms, all add to the greatness and wonder of it all. Chicago itself has yet no idea of the reason for pride it has in this building. The genius and daring of its builders have given in this enterprise the crown to all of Chicago's greatness. It will stand for hundreds of years, still a marvel. It will become the historic hall of America, for in it is sure to be held the most famous of all American gatherings hereafter.

She Painted Her Lips.

A very funny incident happened at a reception where a bright woman, who was out for the first time after a long illness, was the victim. Just before she left home some one said that she had better put some color on her lips, as they looked perfectly blue. A serpent in the shape of a charming girl offered her mixture—one of carmine and glycerine—which, if any is to be used, is most desirable: and she carefully painted the invalid's mouth, putting the most color in the center, to give it the desired rosebud effect. The newly painted was warned that she could eat or drink anything cold, but of anything hot she was to beware. Remembering this, she declined going into the supper-room, and was the center of a group of men, and having the largest kind of a time, when an imp of darkness in the form of a footman came along with a tray on which were cups of coffee and glasses of punch. Without a thought the layde faire took a cup of the coffee; she sipped it slowly, and then, horror of horrors, made bad worse by wiping her mouth on a tiny napkin which had been given her. She saw surprise on the faces of some of the men. One glance at the damask in her hand told her what was the matter, and with providential presence of mind she put it up to her lips again, leaned on the man nearest to her, whispered in muffled tones that she was ill and must go home. Out of the drawing-room, she quickly got on her wraps, and when she was helped to her carriage the man who had been her standby could not resist telling her that he was sure she must be ill, because her lips had grown so pale. However, the men were good fellows, and they never told of her, but she swore by every one of the Buddhist gods and all of the Chinese devils that she'd submit to green lips before she'd get into such a fix again.

"WHAT shall I call my play?" asked the man who had stolen one from the French; and his friend advised him to call it Elijah, because it was translated.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NECK OR NOTHIN' HALL, KILKENNY CORNERS, 1889.

MR. EDITUR: Now thet I am safe to home onct more it don't seem possible thet I hev ben threw all thet I hev, an I tell you I am glad to bee at home whare I kin rest an think about my travels. But es I wus a sayin in my last, when my feelins overkim me.

Thare lay Willam Henery full lenth on Matilda Arrabella's clean kitching floor a scrapin the vinegar an cabbage off'n him.

"Air you hurt, paw?" ast Tillie, kindy anxious.

"Great Guvener! I shud say I wus shuk up consid'ably," ses he, a tryin to git up.

I cood see Dave an Till wus plaged awfully, so I whuspered to Willam Henery to go change his close.

We wus most dun eatin anyways an so we all went in to the frunt room an the hired girl kim an cleened up the muss. The young folks begin to play "tin tin" an roll the platter an sech games.

Sally was a settin in the corner a talkin to Widower Moon. I sot clost by an heerd her a sayin to him:

"Don't you never sithe fur a congenial speret, Mister Moon?"

"I hev felt thet way sumetimes, but now my heart's fondest yarnings is fullfilled," an he looked over to one o the Burley gals and she sniggered most out loud an got red in the face.

"O, you notty man," simpered the widder, an I thott for a minnit she wer a-goin to throw herself rite into his arms.

Ef youll believe it, Mr. Editur, Sally stuck clost to him the hull evenin.

When Willam Henery kim into the room agin they wus a playin "High o, Sister Pheby, how happy wus we the nite we sat under the juniper tree!" ect, and so on. They hed jist got to the place whare it ses, "Take this hat on yer hed to keap yer hed warm, an take a sweet kiss," ect. The widder happened to be a settin in the cheer, an Willam Henery he ups an kisses her rite smack, an thare she wus, expectin Moon to kiss her all the time.

"You horrid thing!" she screeches, an made a slap at him with her hat. He jumped backards and sot rite smack in the preacher's wife's lap.

She purtended as it wus all rite but I cood see she were mad enuff to a ett him.

"O, paw do set down before you do yerself sum dammidge," says Tilly, ready to cry. An' he sot down fur a while, but when thay got to playin "odd or even" he jumped fur the platter same time one o' the Moon gals did, an' thare heds kim together an' it made his nose bleed. I felt kindy sorry fur him, but he hed brot it onto hisself. Arfter thet he wus more quieter an' everything went off all rite. We staid thare a week an' then went to Smanthy Elizabeth's. Thay live out in the kintry 9 miles frum Hooppole Bend.

Sally thot she hed got Widower Moon shore, but the day we went out to Smanthy's Mis Burley wus in, an tele us confidenral like thet her oldest gal wus a goin to be Mis Moon number 2.

"I don't know es I keer mutch," ses the widder, "fur I don't go mutch on bein a secont wife, no how."

"Great Guvener! you'd marry eunything frum a 10 year old boy to a widower a hundred," ses Willam Henery. She made a siap at him, but missed, an' we went out to Smanthys thet day.

Your Frend, HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

Cornfield Philosophy.

IF there are no blossoms in the spring, there will be no fruit in the fall.

The horse that does the best work in the daytime will not feel like prancing around at night.

The hen does not lay eggs for the benefit of mankind, but because she is built that way.

All animals but man will drink water in preference to whisky.

Cold water is nicest to drink, but warm water suits better for a bath.

Things should always be used for the purpose intended. A scoop shovel is a poor thing to black a stove with, and a dinner can't be cooked on a piano.

An empty jug makes the most noise, and yet the toper would prefer the jug to be filled, and the emptying of it himself will enable him to make all the noise he wants to hear.

All is not gold that glitters, but it is a fact that all gold glitters more or less, according to its purity.

When a cat and dog are seen to lie down together and peacefully slumber, one is forced to the belief that the two are not in a normal condition.

If the mule was not a mule he would be ashamed of himself for being a mule. But as he is a mule he cannot see that he is one.

The man who objects to hot weather in August and to snow in December is the same one who will claim that the harp presented to him by Saint Peter is out of tune.

Before you commence to play, be sure that your banjo is in tune.

Don't try to do everything in one day. If there is to be another day you will have an opportunity to work again, and if there is not another day it will be useless to finish the job anyway.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A BELGIAN inventor, M. Henri Pieper, has devised a new and very simple incandescent lamp. A thin pointed rod of carbon, placed vertically, rests upon two horizontal copper rods about a quarter of an inch apart, and forms a bridge between them. The current passes between the copper rods through the carbon, rendering it incandescent. Springs move the copper rods slightly when the carbon is consumed and prevent the breaking of the circuit.